THEALD MARRY'S POEMS. The new growth of poets which has recently sprung

up in tirest Britain gives the lie to the current asser-tion that the age is wholly abandoned to materialism. No doubt the fresh impulse which poetry has received may be regarded as in part a reaction against the practical tendencies of the day, and in this point of view, it shows that "the vision and the frontly divise" have not been quenched in the grosser pursuits which are now of such generally absorbing interest. The recent school-if such it may be called-with striking characteristic differences, has the common mark of a rich, sensuous fancy, a remarkable silluence of illustration from the forms, sounds, colors, movemeats of material nature, and the absence of the pro- express his resent convictions. They were, howfound, subtle, and often intense reflection which per- ever, the product of a genuine experience. "It is vades the writings of Wordsworth, Coloridge, Shelley, | not," Fays he, "that I seek to sow dissension between and even Byron, to a very considerable extent. Of there poets, Mexander Smith and Sydney Yendys have, perhaps, made the strongest impression on the great | fellows, I would rather they should gush with the mass of roaders, while Gerald Massey, whose nav de appears at the head of this article, though as yet fess hatred. I yearn to raise them into loveable beings. I generally knewn, has exhibited qualities whic's prom- would kindle in the hearts of the masses a sense of the se an equally high place among the younger votaries of the lyric muse.

Before presenting our readers with any specimens of his remarkable productions, we may premise that marvellous significance of Life, and elevate the standan uncommon interest is attached to his personal histery, and although, as will be seen, they do not need the apology of an unpropitious environment, they will doubtless be greeted with a more heartfelt welcome. when it is known that they are the spontaneous outflowing of a poetic soul, struggling with the want of early education, of social encouragements, of pocuni- tained some scenes of my life to the public gaze, but as ary means, and of congenial employments.

Massey, who is now only about twenty six years of age, was bern in the lowest depths of poverty. His father was a canal boatman in the interior of England, earning a scanty subsistence by toilseme labor, and unable to write his own name. He lived in a wretched stone hut, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand in it upright, for which he paid the rent of but one shilling a week. In this state of destitution, the children of the family were obliged not only to shift for themselves, but to contribute by their petty earnings to the support of their parents. When only eight years old. Gerald was sent into the silk mill, and compelled to work in its rank, stifling atmosphere from five o'clock in the morning till half-past six in the evening, unable to catch a glimpse of the sun except through the dingy windows of the factory. Luckily for him, the mill was burned down, and the boy was released from his prison. He regarded the event with the liveliest gratitude. Standing for twelve hours in the wind. and sleet, and mud, he watched the progress and effeets of the conflagration with the lev of a liberated

But his slavery was not yet at an end. He was put to the business of straw plaiting, which was no less toilsome and more unwholesome than his work in the factory. In a marshy district, with no chance of exercise, the plaiters were exposed to severe attacks of fever and ague. Young Massey was tortured with the disease for three years, while the other members of the family, including the mother, were often so ill as to be unable to help each other, even with a cup of cold water. His own account of his early days is enough to make the blood run cold. Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that o few escape, but that any escape at all to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life. to which I can bear such bitter testimony." Still, the mind of the embryo poet was not wholly

neglected. He had been taught to read at a penny school. The Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress afforded the first food to his boyish imagination. He committed many chapters of the former to memory, and devoured the whole of Bunyan's quaint allegory as a veritable history. Robinson Crusoe came next, and then some religious tracts left at the cottage by zealous Methodists. These were the only books he had read, when he went to London as an arrand boy at the age of fifteen. Here he found himself in a new world. For the first time to his life he met with plenty of books. He read all that came in his way, from the simplest manuals of education to the standard works on Greek, Roman and English history. "Till then," he says, "I had often wondered why I lived at all-whether

It was not better not to be I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning-nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence. I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conseious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon Hope, when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

His first attempts at verse were published in a country newspaper. Shortly after a small volume was brought out in his native town, which found but a quite limited circulation. Meantime, his soul began to be stirred by the spirit of the age. The workings of opinion, in its progress toward freedom, acted powerfully on his whole intellectual being. "As an errand-boy." he says, "I had, of course, many hardships to undergo. and to bear with much tyranny; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery. the anomalies of our societary state, politics, &c., and the circle of my being rapidly out-surged. New power came to me with all that I saw, and thought. and read. I studied political works-such as Paine.

Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c., which gave me another element to mold into my verse, though I am cenvinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party-political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party real; the politics of eternal truth, right and justice. He must not waste a life on what to morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life. It was scarred and blburnt into the very core of my being. This I still vol-

ume of mine is the fruit thereot." The Poems in the present verning have reached three editions—a remark soit degree of success to London. where even the poetry of the Brownings seawely. pays for the paper on which it is printed. Many of them-especially these of a political character-were written ave or F years ago-and do not accurately class, and class, or fling firebrands among the combus-". cles of society; for, when I smite the hearts of my healing waters of love than with the fearful fires of beauty and grandeur of the universe, call forth the lineaments of Divinity in their poor worn faces, give them glimpses of the grace and glory of Love and the ard of Humanity for all. But strange wrongs are daily done in the land, bitter feelings are felt, and wild words will be spoken. It was not for myself alone that I wrote these things: it was always the condition of others that so often made the mist rise up and cloud my vision. Nor was it for myself that I have uncuran illustration of the lives of others, who suffer and toil on, 'die, and make no sign;' and because one's own personal experience is of more value than that of

others taken upon hearsay." These lays of freedom, however, constitute but a small portion of the volume. But they require no apology from the lips of the author. They are the bursts of impassioned feeling at the contemplation of social wrong. Fiery as the most indignant strains of Burns or Ebenezer Elliot, when rebuking the tyranous pretensions of wealth and power, they are softened by a fine sentiment of humanity, and pervaded by the aspirations of an unquenchable hope. For the effusions of a youthful radical, stung to the quick by a sense of personal wrong-smarting under the frustration of ideal purposes by the outrages of the actual-they are remarkably free from a bitter or vindictive spirit. Never do they betray a festering wrath at the short-comings of man, nor a morbid distrust of the ultimate issues of Providence. Their mest volcanic intensity is relieved by a temper of genial cheerfulness, and a confidence in ideal truth to overcome the ephemeral evils of society. Take the

following as an example. TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. 10B hopes that burn'd like Stars sublime Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom: And true hearts perish in the time We bitterliest need 'cm! But never sit we down and say There's nothing left but sorrow We walk the Wilderness To-day The Promised Land Te-morrow. Our birds of song are silent now.
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway.
The we may strand in sorrow:
And our good Bark, a-ground To-day,
Shall float again To-merrow. Thro' all the long, dark night of years The People's cry ascendeth, And Earth is wet with blood and tears: But our meek sufferance endeth!
The Few shall not forever sway.
The Many moil in sorrow:
The Powers of Heil are strong To-day,
But Christ shall rice To-morrow. The hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes With smiling Futures glisten! With smiling Fotures glisted:
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart! who bear the Cross To-day,
Shall weer the Crown To-morrow. O Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire.
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of Desire,
Our yearning ones a portal! Our yearning opes a portal!

And the Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow, The Harvest comes To morrow Build up heroic lives, and all Be like a sheathen sabre. Ready to flash out at God's call, O Chivalry of Labor! Triumph and Toil are twins: and aye Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow; And it the martyriom To-day. Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow; And 'tis the martyrdom To-day, Brings victory To-morrow.

Here is one on the Revolution of '48, which has a still bolder resonance, showing the strongest feeling in its energetic brevity of expression :

THE MEN OF PORTY-EIGHT.

They rose in Freedom's rare sunrise.
Like Giants roused from wine:
And in their hearts and in their eyes
The God leapt up divine!
Their souls flasht out like naked swords,
Unsheathed for fiery fate!
Strength went like battle with their words—
The Mean Freetricht. The Men of Forty-eight, Hurrah! For the Men of Forty-eight. Dark days have fall'n, yet in the strife.
They bate no nope sublime,
And bravely works the exultant life,
Their heart's pulse thro the time:
As grass is greenest trodden down. So suffering makes men great, And this dark tide shall richly crown The work of Forty-eight, Hurrah! For the Men of Forty-eight.

Some in a bloody burial sleep, Like Greeks to giery gone, But in their steps avengers leap But in their steps avengers leap With their proof-armer on: And hearts beat high with dauntless trust To triumph soon or late, ho' they be mold ring down in dust-Brave Men of Fort For the Men of Forty-eight.

O when the world wakes up to worst
The Tyrants once again,
And Freedom's summons shout shall burst.
Kare music on the brain,—
With heart to heart, in many a land,
Ye'll find them all clate— Brave remnant of that Spartan-band, The Men of Forty-eight. Hurrah! For the Men of Forty-eight.

Leaving the political poems, on which we have already dwelt too long, we come to those of an opposite character, inspired by a more tender sentiment than the passion of freedom, and devoted to the celebration, not so much indeed of "love's young dream" as of the delights of "conjugiality," in the tranquil sphere of domestic endearments. Contrary to the usual practice of imaginative writers, who draw a mysterious vail over the fate of their heroes and heroines after marriage, our poet boldly enters into the charmed privacies of wedded affection, and steals the fairest flowers from the mystic altar for the decoration of his verse. Never before were the joys of connubial life sung in strains of such glowing romance. Could Byron have had the slightest presage of these matrimonial inspirations, he never would sneeringly have queried.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife. He would have written sennets to her all his life! At any rate, whatever Petrarch might have done Gerald Massey leaves us no room to doubt of his present intentions, to say the least. We give a few specimens of his love-poems in this vein:

WEDDED LOVE. \* The sammer Night comes brooding down on Earth. As Love comes brooding down on human hearts, With bliss that both no utterance save rich tears. She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark, Foldesh a kies upon the lips of Life,—Curtaineth into rest the weary world,—And shuts as in with all our hid delights.
The Stars come sparkling thro the porgeous ginem. Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven; or tears That hang rich jewels on the checks of Night. A spirit-feel is in the solemu air.
The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands, And with droop heads await the blessing Night Gives with her silent magnanimity.
T is evening with the world, but in my soul The light of welded love is still at dawn!
And skies say world, an everlasting Dawn.
My heart rings out in music, like a lark Hung in the charmed palace of the Morn, That circles singing to its mate? I the mest, With luminous being running o'er with song:
So my heart flatters round its mate at home!
There, with her eyes turned to her heart, she reads. The golden serrets written on its heaven, And broodeth o'er its panting wealth of love, As Night i' the hush and ballow of her beauty Bares throbbing heaven to its mest tremnious depths. And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth. And broodeth o er its panting weath of love,
As Night i' the hush and hallow of her beauty
Bares throbbing heaven to its most tremulous depth
And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth.
And, fingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,
A fair babe beautiful as Dawn in heaven,
Made of a Mother's richest thoughts of love,—
Lies like a smile of sunshine among flies,
That giveth glory—drinketh f agrant life!
Sweet bud upon a Rose! our plot of spring.
That bursts in bloom smid a wintry world!
How dear it is to mark th' immortal life
Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes,—
To watch Life's rose of dawn put ferth its leaves,
And guess the perfumed secret of its heart—
And catch the silver words that come to break
The golden silence hung like heaven around.
But soft 'Elysium opens in my brain'
Dear Wife with sweet, low voice, she syllables
Some precious music balm'd in her heart's book,
And I am flooded with melodious rain.
Like Nature standing crown'd with sanit showers.
The following song combines a more simple earnes

The following song combines a more simple earnest ness of expression with true tenderness of feeling than many of the longer conjugal effusions:

> NO JEWELED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE. No jeweled Beauty is my Love, Yet in her carnest face Yet in her carnest face
> There's such a world of tenderness,
> She needs no other grace.
> Her smiles, and voice, around my life
> In light and music twine,
> And dear, O very dear to me,
> Is this sweet Love of mine. O joy! to know there is one foud heart. Beats ever true to use: It sets mine leaping like a lyre. In sweetest melody: In sweetest melody:
> My soul up-springs, a Deity:
> To hear her voice divine,
> And dear, O very dear to me,
> Is this sweet Love of mine. If ever I have sigh'd for wealth. 'T was all for her, I trow; Twes all for her, I trow;
> And if I win Fame's victor-wreath.
> I'll twine it on her brow.
> There may be forms more becatiful.
> And souls of sunnier shine,
> But none, O none, so dear to me.
> As this sweet Love of mine.

"The Bridal" is an elaborate poem, unique of its kind in English literature, showing an exhaustless wealth of imagination, and a dainty exquisiteness of diction, entirely in keeping with the loveliness of the theme. We give the opening stanzas.

SHE comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn. With her Auroral splenders on? And green Earth never lovelier shone: She danceth on her golden way. In dainty dalliance with the May. Jubilant o'er the happy day! Earth weareth beaven for bridal ring. And the best garland of glory, Spring From out old Winter's world can bring The green blood reddens in the rose; And underneath white-budding boughs The violets purple in rich rows. High up in air the Chestnuts blow The live-green Apple-trees flush bough Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow! Cloud-shadow-ships swim facrily Over the greenery's sunny sea, Whose warm tides ripple down the lea The Birds, a-brooding, strive to sing. Feeling the life warm neath the wing: Their love, too, burgeons with the Spring! The winds that make the flowers blow, Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low A budding warmth, an amorous glow! They kiss like some endearing mouth, Such a delicious feel doth flood The eyes, as laves the burning bud When June rains feed ambresial blood. O, merrily Life doth revel and reign's Light in heart, and blithe in brain; Here is the picture of the bride and bridegroom.

Sumptions as Iris, when she swims With rainbow robe on dainty limbs, The Bride's rare loveliness o'erbrims The gazer's drink rich overflows, Her cheek a livelier damask glows. And on his arm she leans more close A drunken joy reels in his blood. He wanders an enchanted wood. He ranges realm of perfect good. Dear God! that he alone hath west To light such splendor in her fac And win the blessing of embrace She wears her maiden modesty With tearful grace toucht tenderly Yet with a ripe Expectancy! Her virgin vail reveals a form. Flowering from the bud so warm, It needs must break the Centus-charm. Last night, with weddable, white arms And thoughts that throng d with quaint alarms. She trembled o'er her mirror'd charms. Like Eve first-glassing her new lif And the Maid startled at the Win Heart-pained with a sweet, warm strife The unknown sen moans on her shore Of life: she hears the breakers roar; But, trusting Him, she'll fear no more For, o'er the deep seas there is calm, Full as the hush of all-heaven's pealm: The golden goal—the Victor's palm! And at her heart Love sits and sings. And broodeth warmth, begetting wir Shall lift her life to higher things. The Blessing given, the ring is or: And at God's Altar radiant run The currents of two lives in one! Husht with happiness, every sense Is crowded at the heart intense: And silence hath such eloquence! Down to his feet her neek eyes steep As there her love should pour its cup: But, like a King, he lifts them up.

Far less gergeous in style, but a gem of purest beauty, is this

> LYRIC OF LOVE. THE Lark that nestles nearest earth.
> To Heaven's cate nighest sings:
> And loving theo, my lowly life
> Doth mount on Lark like wings!
> Thine yes are starry promises. Thine eyes are starry promises
> And affluent above
> All measure in its blessing, is
> The largess of thy love. Merry as laughter 'mong the hills. Spring dances at my heart! And at my wooing Nature's soul. Into her face will start! Into her face will start!
> The Queen-moon, in her starry bower.
> Looks happier for our love:
> A dewist splender fills the flower,
> And mellower coss the Dove.

My heart may sometimes blind mine eyes.
With utterance of tears,
But feels no pang for thee, Bolov d'
But all the more endeas;
And if life comes with cross and care Unknown in years of yore,
I know thou it half the barthen bear,
And I am strong once more. Ah! now I see my life was shorn. That, like the forest brook

That, like the forest brook
When leaves are shed, my darkling soul
Up in heaven's face might look!
And blessings or the storm that gave
Me haven on thy breast.
Where life hath climast like a wave
That breaks in perfect rest.

Of this character are several of the shorter pieces in the volume, whose sweet, artiess grace touches the heart more closely than the dazzling splendors which seem to be more to the writer's taste. Take as an example the following love-song, which strange to say, celebrates an ante-nuptial sentiment.

> A LOVER'S FANCY. Sweet Heaven! I do love a maiden, Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden: When she's near me heaven is round me! Her dear presence doth so bound me! I could wing my heart of gladness, Might it free her lot of sadness! Give the world, and all that s in it,

Just to press her hand a minute!
Yet she weeteth not! love her;
Never dare! tell the sweet
Tale, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet. O! to live and linger near her.
And in tearful moments cheer her!
I could be a Bird to lighten I would be a Bird to lighten
fler dear heart.—her aweet eyes brighte
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
Give my life up on her besom!
For my love withouten measure,
All its paners are sweetest pleasure;
Yet she weetest not I love her;
Never dare I tell the sweet
Take, but to the stars above her,
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

"The Ballad of Babe Christabel," which gives the colume its name, is the longest in the collection, but not more characteristic of the poet's peculiar genius than several of the shorter pieces. It commemorates the brief life of a much-loved child in terms borrowed by grief from poetical exaggeration. We cannot think that such glowing sensuosity of phrase is in harmony with the theme, or that even the wildest throes of parental sorrow find fit expression in such a tumult of imagery. The dirge, which is in a different measure frem the rest of the poem, forms an exception to these remarks, and approaches nearer to the simple tenderness of language, in which the deepest emotion seeks to find, at best, an imperfect utterance :

THE BALLAD OF EABE CHRISTABEL. With her white hands claspt she sleepeth, heart is husht, and lips are cold: Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary

way I go. Like a sheep without a Shepherd on the wintry norland With the face of Day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widow'd nest my heart sits mouning for its young that's fied

From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her

And my light of life's o'ershadow'd where the dear one lieth dead, And I'm crying in the dark with many fears.

ies will doubt that Gerald Massey is born for a poet. His quality will be easily perceived from our quotations, which we prefer to leave to our readers' own feeling, than to indulge in any superfluous comments. He possesses a teeming imagination, which luxuristes in all the giories of the outward universe, appropristing them to his particular purpose, without any fastidious severity of selection, or exquisite sense of esthetic harmony. In the plenitude of his fancies, he often becomes confused, piling metaphor, comparison. and reflection on each other in brilliant and dazzling promiscuousness. His effusions of sentiment modulate to excess in the material order. Even in his most ardent out-pourings of love, the exquisite ideal union which consecrates all true passional relations, fades into dim perspective, compared with the raptures of sense. His most striking descriptive passages lose the delicate finish of the artist in the turbulence of emotion. A certain wild barbaric splendor shines through his verse; but it is not illuminated by the beautiful harmony of coloring which evinces the perfection of poetic art. But, with the genuine soul of peetry, Gerald Massey may anticipate a bright career among the modern masters of song. His faults are these of extreme youth, of a dispreportion between his imagination and taste, and of a want of the interior experience, which is given only by years of conflict, vicissitude, toil, reflection, and enjoyment. His merits repose on a substantial basis. He possesses gifts which are rarely accorded even to the most favored of mortals; he is an acknowledged favorite of Nature; and, under her genial training, he may hope for the attainment of a depth and expansion which will throw the present extraordinary productions into the shade. His destiny, we trust, is written in his own words of hopeful cheer: "For myself, I have only entered the lists, and inscribed my name: the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it, and win the Poet's crown, or not, time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe. The crowns of Poetry are not in the keeping of Critics. There have been many who have given some sign of promise-just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life-and never fulfilled their promise; and the world has wondered why. But it might not have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them; and so the songs grow silent, the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier

## fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it." COL. BENTON'S BOOK.

The Richmond Examiner has the following slashing review of Col. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," from which the reader will gather some idea of the mutual affection now reciprocated between Old Bullion and the Slavery Propaganda which he so long and so faithfully served:

so faithfully served:

"The long anticipated and anxiously expected volume, from the pen of Ex-Senator Benton, has at last been issued. The publisher adroitly baited the public through the newspapers and periodicals for many months with choice and very creditable fragments of Mr. Benton's hage volume. But they were the rare and meager grains of wheat, which the publishers gathered from the dreary, duil, leaden pages of chaff which passed through their hands in winnowing the refuse trach of Benton's exhausted intellect. In reading this huge volume, we cannot exactly say that from Dan to Berrichbar from preface to conclusion—all is barren, but in the vast typegraphical desert of common place, it is only at long, very long intervals, that the reader is refreshed by an occasional ones of literary freshness and it is only at long, very long intervals, that the reader is re-freshed by an occasional onsis of literary freshness and planarey. The book is a dry, heavy, tedious history of the most familiar and common-place political events which have occurred at Washington since 1820. Any literary drudge, or kookseller's hack could, by laborious and na-tient ellipting from Niles 8 Register, the Congressional De-bates, the American State papers, the documents of Con-gress, and the journals of the Senate, with sketches bor-rowed from letter writers, introduced here and there, have made a variet wave reachable leok. Indeed, in literary rowed from letter-writers, introduced here and there, have made a much more readable book. Indeed, in literary merit, the job is much inferior to the hurried epigles daily written to the leading papers by the letter-writers, who are the especial aversion of Mr. Benton. It falls vastly short of the book written by Webster's literary serving man, Mersh, which in much fewer words goes over the ground over which Benton has just drawn his lambering Dutch wagen of a book. The volume before us possesses generally the single merit of faithfulness. The action, evidently believing that his credibility as a historian and andently believing that his credibility as a historian and an-nalist would be questioned, fortifies every statement with extracts from the debates, and the votes of Congress upon every measure, whether important or not. Hence fielding politicians, examining the geological stratification of dead and forgoiten political measures, will find the arrangement in Bentou's book eminently useful. He not only formally disinte severy unimportant and exploded measure, but, what is still less pardonable, he resurrects every dead demwhat is still less paralonable, he resurrects every desiride in agogue and mouldering political adventurer who has figured in Congress for thirty years. He calls the roll of these insects at the commencement of nearly every chap-ier, and seeks to propitiate and make subscribers of their describants, by gravely declaring many of them to have been very able men.

2. The work is interly destitute of statesmanlike senti-

Let The work is utterly destitute of statesmanlike sentiments and thoughts, and barren of any thing like broad philosophic views of the multinodinous great questions of foreign and domestic policy, of which the Senate of the United States has always been the chosen and appropriate areas of discussion. One thing we must, however, say in favor of Benton. While he unscrupulously borrows and adorns his own conceited, vain head with the laurels and honors which were the legitimate property of his contemporaries, he treats the living and the dead statesmen, who were his associates, with remarkable and unexpected kindness. He levishes sugar plums upon the living, and scatters gerlands of flowers over the graves of the dead, in many instances where those familiar with his malignancy and envisous sature though the would have voided nothing but loathsome abuse and vitriolic billingsgate. But while this ous nature thought he would have voiced nothing out loans-some abuse and vitriolic billingsgate. But while this poor failen Lucifer of the Democratic party amiably showers encomians and eulogies, where nothing but the oder of brimstone was expected, he cannot refrain from eccasionally ghoul-like, sneakingly, quietly, yet malig-

nantly, descrating the grave and assailing the THE NEW WORK-HOUSE ON BLACK WELL'S memory of that pure and noble statesman under memory of that pure and noble statesman under whose agent untilizated cimeter and heavy, crashing buttle as he fell so often bruised, maionst utinded with impetent rage. We, of course, mean Celhoun. The heavy apostate does not for crotic open abuse—but by frequent intendoes, malicious hints, and occasional slight misrepresentations, he attempts slivly to blacken his fame. He does more than justice to Clay and Webster, but to the memory of the purest and noblest of the three great American statesmen he does anything but justice. Yet Calhoun alone, of all of Benton's cotemperaries, nover denit in abuse and possonalities when replying to his assaults. He invariably punished his insolence as calmly and dispassionately as a gentleman would chastice a blackguard. Hence, Benton's nated burns and glowe as intensely as it did ten years ago. The contrast between Calhoun and himself is the case of the contrast between Calhoun and himself is the case. glows as intensely as it did ten years ago. The contrast between Calhoun and himself, in the memory of the former being honored and worshiped with toblar as yeneration and affection by the South, while the latter is loathed, ex-

errated and branded as a traitor by his party and section, was too much even for the hypocrisy of Brinton. Hisnes, although he sheds crocedile tears pleuteonsly upon the graves of many of his old political and personal cacmies, he teers off the mask of decent hypocrisy when sponking of Mr. Calhoun, and goes to work hise a hyena.

"As this work was published by Mr. Benton, more for the gratification of his own personal vanity, than for anything else, it is almost imnecessary to comment upon the numerous exhibitions of mordinate self-esteen, with which the volume before us is filled. A stranger deriving his impressions of the history of this country from Bouton's book, would conclude that to its author the people of this country are indebted for all that is good and valuable in the practical operations of our government. Since 1820, Themas Hart Benton is clearly proved to have been the Alpha and Cheega of the Domocratic party. You are taught to believe that but for this modern Hercales, Federalism would long since have crushed the Domocratic party, and that he was the Alias upon whose broad should ers Jackson's administration roosted in tranqual security for eight years.—In Benton's book, he modestly proves that to his speaches and exertions the Democratic party own its present power and strength. Everywhere you have Benton's speeches, Benton's letters, Benton's estays, and Benton's speeches, Benton's letters, Benton's estays, with which Benton lumbers his volume, afford the very best possible evidence of his inferency in point of intellect and vigor of thought to all of his great cotomporaries. You are surfaired with his exhibitions of tawdry, thread-bare, occord hand bearing, and his affectation of philological and historical accuracy.

Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind and ling word:

And I call'd across the night with tender name and fond-ling word:

And I yearn'd out thro' the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, "Eyes cannot see her: they are blind with tears of pain:"

And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life, to look and hark

While I call her once again: but there cometh no refrain,

And it deppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

None but the sternest or most narrow-mindad acid.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribuna Stn: Will you please to fulfill the request of the preachers of Geneva District in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by publishing the following resolutions, which were adopted by them at a meeting held at Benton Center, June 6

by them at a meeting held at Benion Conter, June 6:

Kenkeel, That we disapprove and deeply regret, as a public calanity, the act of the Governor of this State in vectoria the Frohibbory Liquor Law at the last scaten of our State in vectoria the Frohibbory Liquor Law at the last scaten of our State the Legislature, and
that we eithensily and increasingly believe that the Compension Cache
Will never triump a uniti such a prohibitory law can be obtained a Kersicol, That we believe our citizens are called upon by the highest
claims of public morality, relixion and theirly, to use their clocking
hanchies to obtain such a prohibitory law.

Kendred, That we will not favor the election of any man for Goverror, or either of the two Houses of the Legislature, who is not lulayor of the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Genera, N. Y., June 15, 1854. R. HOGABOOM, Secretary.

SLAVERY GOING TO NEBRASKA.

We invite attention to the resolutions adopted at two public meetings, held at different towns in Western Misuri, about the 1st of June. It is said that both were well attended, and that there is but one feeling in regard to the sentiments put forth, throughout the western portion of the One of the meetings was held at Westport, and the

Make. One of the installation adopted:

Having received intelligence of the passage of a bill by Congress for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, repealing the Missouri restriction and opening said Territories for settlement equally to all the people of the Union; and feeling a deep and lively increst, espectations of the Congress of the Co ing said terinories of the Union and feeling a deep and lively interest, especially in the speedy occupation of our border Territory of Kansas, and the organization of a Government in it, and the passage of laws which shall protect emigrants from every portion of the country in the poncession and enjoyment of their property, of whatever character; and having heard, through the public press, that organizations are now on foot in some of the northern States, having for their object the colonization of the new Territories exclusively with eastern and foreign paquers, with a view direct to exclude and deter from the said Territories emigration from the southern States, and naire particularly, slave emigration from Missouri and Arkansas; and having also heard of a recent attempt of a gang of Free Solites who field a meeting within this Territory and audaciously resolved that no slave property should be brought into the same; and being ourselves, many of us, determined to seek in Kansas our future homes, and to carry with us our property of every description which we think proper; and being determined to hold and asjoy the same in peace or

being correctives, many of its, determined to seek in as our future homes, and to carry with us our prop-of every description which we think proper; and y determined to hold and enjoy the same in peace or rece, we hereby organize ourselves into a society of ourious, for mutual protection, and shed. That we invite all well deposed citizens, from wherever may come, but more especially one fellow citizens of the slave-ies that the unite with a

ey may conce, but more especially on fellow-current ording States, to units with us. Resource, I man we will adord to each other mutual protection in Annex and holding lands in Kanes: Territory; that we will not acrosch upon the claims or rights of each other, nor will we allow my intimers to do the same; until the country is surveyed, no claim by intimers to do the same; until the country is surveyed, no claim or many to any other than helf a mile, escuring to each

the claim of each and every individual of this organization which may be stacked of and designated by the claimant in good faith, and with a view to actual settlement.

Resolved, That we will carry with us into the new Territory of Kanasa every specks of property, including slaves, and that we will held and enjoy the same; that we desire to do so peacefully, and deprecate any necessity of resorting to violence in support of our lext and hawful rightsy yet. (In no spirit of bowards and with the strongest wish for peace,) appendensive of interference with our private and dome site, concerns by certain organized bonds who are to be precipitated apon us, we notify all such that our purpose is firm to enjoy all our rights, and to meet with the last argument all was it as we manner infringe upon them.

Resolved, That we recomment to our fellow-citizens of Missouri and Arhaisas.

Resolved, That we recomment to our fellow-citizens of Missouri and Arhaisas.

Resolved in view, end to each and every man who feels an insert in the desiry of the truter State of Kanasa, to be on the alert that we may avail sursalves of the great advantages which the contiguity of the new Ferritory at once gives to us, and cutties us, in midding the government and institutions of the future State in accordance with those of our own, and thus guarantee for future and religibly and callantly altered to all those Senators and Representatives in Congress, who, in the ardanus surangle which has so tramplantly closed by the passage of the Kanasa and Nebraska bill, so faithfully and callantly subserted to be great principle of popular sovereignny, will forever undeer them to the country, as having removed the last pretext for abolition against the interference of Congress in moditing or alteriou the institutions of States; and who, by their affirmative rores upon the hill, sustained the only true constitutional doctrine against the interference of Congress in moditing or alteriou the institutions of States; and who, by their affirmative rores upon t The resolutidons adopted by the meeting in Independence

The resolutions are pro-are as follows:

I. Resided, That we, the citizens of Jackson County, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby indone, reafirm, and proclaim the instite and sole tye the action and resolves of a portion of our fellow citizens who researtly convened as Westport in this county; and that, in order to effectuate and carry on the object of that meeting, to se-cure and quarantee the rights of so-therm endgrants to the Territory of Kanasa that the Chatman of this selecting do appoint a Commi-tee of Vigilaire, whose days it shall be to acquire this and reliable information of the progress of settlements in the new Territory of ire of viriality and the progress of settlements in the new Territory of Kausse, and of any latingement or danger of latingement upon the rights of southern settlers, and to take proper steps to provent and resist the same.

2. Kemberd, that a Committee of Correspondence be also applied to the committee of the committee of the same of a second that the committee of the committee of the same of an application of the committee of

2. Leaderd, That a Committee of Corraposation of an adpointed where dray it shall be to embody, in the form of an address, all newfur information concerning the advantages, situation,
production, &c., of the Territory of Kansas, to be circulated among
embers of our own and other scattery and trather, to correspond fractly by letter with all persons of these States who may be
destrous of information upon the subject.

3. Exaderd. That we further most extrestly call upon our followcities to of Ruchama, Platte, Cley, and all border and western Comtes of Mesouri, to meet and organise, and to follow up their organisation by action that we may need and repel the wave of functioning
which threatenes to break upon our border, and that we placing ourseiters to conjectate with them is all accessing measures for our comspon restriction.

which threacuse to break upon our berder, and that we pledge ourseiter is conjectate with them is all accessing measures for our commor protection.

It Research, That we recommend to all our fellow-citizens who
have a will to remove to Kansas, and to all others was field with them
a common interest in the protection of their rights and property. So
meet in general Convention at Fort Leavenworth, or asme other
saitable place in the Territory, and to arrange for their mutual and
eximute protection against all interference with their rights.

S. Resetred, That, as Missourians and Southerners, while with we
not, during the pendency of the recent great strugges in Congress,
seen proper to distant their deliberations, or to operate upon their
hopes and fears by any outside influences, on have been willing to
leave the great leave presented by the Kansas bill to be decided by
the windown and patriother of Congress; yet we have felt at all
times a deep and vital concers in the triumbh of the great principle
of popular overclarity upon which that bill was beared, and now
that, by the patriothe, energetic and determined support of the
fiscales it has passed, we, in the name of the popular majory of
Jackson County, express our thanks and gratified to every Soundor
and Representative in Congress who, by his support of that monators
and Representative for Congress who, by his support of the monator
and dependency assenting the rights of the propular majory of
London Assenting the rights of the propular majory of
the Hean David R. Achison, Heavy S. Geyer, John S. Pleips, Jac.
G. Lindley, A. W. Lemb, John G. Miller, Samuel Caruthers, and
language and other first of the ready semical Caruthers, and
language and captured the ready of the support of the Nelanguage and captured the propert of the feet of the feet of the support of the Ne-

CURE FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS .- An exchange

An English journal says that an old Saxon has been using for fifty years, and with perfect success, a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, by the agency of which 'he has res-'ened many fallow-beings and cattle from the death of hydrophobin. The remedy is to wash the wound immediately with warm vinegar and tepid water, dry it, and then apply a few drops of muriatic acid, which will dearroy the poison of the saliva or neutralize it, and the cure is of-

ACQUITTAL OF SIMMONS.—The trial of Duane L. Sim-Accentral of Simons.—The trial of Duane L. Sun-mens, which has occupied the court since Monday, was brought to a close at 5 o'clock festerday afternoon, by the sequitted of the prisoner. After an absence of less than an hour the jury came into court with the following verdict: "We find the prisoner not quity of any of the "offenses charged, and we manimously agree that he was "only to blame in not firing sooner than he did."

A well-ventilated public building, in any part of this country, is a thing of such rare occurrence that the exception from the almost universal rule ought to have " hos

erable mention " in a special manner.

There may be more than one well-ventilated Church in New-York, including "the City of Churches," on the other side of the East River, but if there is, we have never found it. If there is a well-ventilated court-house or public hall in the United States, it has not been our fortune to breathe its pure sir, when occupied by a crowd. As for theaters, ventilation is never set down in the bill, and therefore the audience have no right to expect it.

If a poor wretch is sentenced to prison it is a part of his punishment that he shall only have just vital air enough to sustain life, and sometimes the line is drawn so close that the experiment fails and the prisoner dies.

In all the alms-houses that we have visited, fresh air is not considered as one of the necessities of life or comforts of the institution, for the furnishing of which the man-

agers or founders are in any way responsible. The designer, manager, or master spirit, to whem New-York is indebted for one of her very best public institutions, must have been bern where the mountain breezes freely blowing, gave healthy action to his loogs, and impressed him with the truth that one of the very first of our

vants is pure air. It is true that children can be taught how to exist upon the smallest possible modicum of oxygen in the hot vapor that they breathe, that will sustain life, but this is only accomplished by long training in one of our modern-built school houses. But if we may judge from appearances, we cannot say that we are impressed with the belief that such children enjay quite as good health as those who got the first rediments in the old log school house, with wood fire in a flospiace big enough to furnish a draught of hir almost strong enough to take up one of the salaman-ders to be found in more than half of the school houses in the United States.

Wheever contrived the New Workhouse on Blackwell's Island, understood the value to those in confinement, particularly while in their sleeping apartments, of having the atmosphere as freely and pure within the walls, and at a healthy temperature, as it is without.

The building is seven hundred feet long, with wings at each end, north and south. It is located upon the north inli of the island, about opposite Seventeenth-street; the Insane Hespital being located at the north end, and the Penitentiary at the south end, and between that and the Work-house are the group of buildings forming the Alms-

To reach the island, take the Third-avenue cars to Sixty-first-street, or the Second-avenue cars, as soon as they run to that street, which will be in a few days. From the foot of Sixty-first-street, which is but a short walk from the cars, row-boats are constantly plying to the various institutions, in which you can easily get a free passage if you have taken care to provide yourself with a permit to visit the island, from one of the Ten Governors. The buildings are all built of hammered stone, mostly

quarried upon the island, the surface of which has been neiderably extended by building sea-walls and filling in. The new work-house is the last, but not the least or needed, and is the best constructed of any one of them. Under the whole length of the foundation there is an airchamber some five feet wide and over six feet high, built with double walls and arched over, the space between the walls being a foot wide. In summer the doors at the end of this air-chamber may be left open, but in winter, being closed and the space heated by steman-pipes, air is let into the space between the walls, from ventilating towers upon each side of the building, and from these air-chambers it is let into the great chamber through registers in the sidewail below the heated pipes. In the floor above, which is a little above the level of the earth, there is a register every fifteen feet opening into the great air-chamber be-This floor, in the north part of the building, has none above it, and is the great dining-hall of the male prisoners. From this doors open into sleeping-rooms upon each side, while the approach to these rooms in the several stories above, is by hanging galleries upon each sidewall. All these doors are made of iron lattice-work, and in every room there is an opening some eight or ten inches square into a flue into the wall, and this flue leads into a conduit under the roof, of greater espacity than all the fives that open into it, and that conduit chimney, also capacious enough to carry a draft to the top, so that the could air from the outside, in summer, will always have a regular draft through the registers, through all the doors, which cannot be closed tight, and up the flues to the chimney, which will also be provided with a heating apparatus, by which the air can be rarified to such adegree that a draft can be created strong enough to carry up all the fetid breaths of a thousand such "hard

cases" as will usually occupy the rooms. The south part of the building is occupied by the female department, which is under the superior good management of one principal matron, Miss Boers, who served her apprenticeship in the matron's department of Sing Sing Prison, and several efficient assistants. The females are principally employed in making garments for those who have to be clothed at the City's expense. The females sleep two in a room, with the exception of one room, where some of the best of them

are allowed to be a little more gregarious. The upper story of this part of the edifice is floored for a work room; the lodging rooms in the intervening stories being approached by hanging galleries in the same way as in the male department.

By this arrangement, a superintendent is any part of either of the galleries can see the doors of all the rooms, and all the lower floor, or any person moving in any direc-

In the center, on a level with the dining rooms, is an ab lution room for the men, a dish washing room, and space for dishing out the food, which is cooked in a kitchen of simple dimensions, on the same level, and not far off, only ne store rooms being located between. It is contemplated to lay down rails from this center room between the two dining bails, and run cars to carry back and forth the

These prisoners certainly cannot complain of their fare. They are all regularly scated at a clean table in a clean, light, airy room; they have tea or coffee with their breakfast, and for dinner, which we witnessed the whole partaking of, a quart of rich beef soup, a pound of boof, and a slice of bread at least ten times as large as you will ever get in a city restaurant. The supper, generally, consists of much made from sweet corn meal, the only fault of which is, it is ground too fine, seasoned with sugar or mo-

The class that are so well fed, well clothed, well lodged, in such a palace as this new work-house, are the small portion who chance to get arrested who are found drank in the streets, or making a disturbance at home, or men who beat their wives, or wives who seratch their husbands, and now and then a sturdy beggar, and the genus vagrant generally. The men are mostly employed in getting out stone and the labor of building, the south wing not yet being completed. All this kind of labor has been done by prisoners; in erecting this great building, which exceeds size the prison buildings at Sing-Sing, so that the cash expense but only amounts to \$140,000.

Immediately over the room mentioned on the lower floor as the ablution room, is the business room of the Ten Governors. This is semi-octagonal, and, with the doors open, a person standing in the center can look right and left down into each dining hall, and up to all the galleries, or out east upon the yards and garden, and through the hall of the main center building along the various offices and Superintendent's business room, out to the principal private entrance in the center of the west front. In this part of the building is located the private spartments of the Superintendent's family and the Governors' parlors. Over the Governors' business room and over the offices is the chapel, on the third floor, and easily accessible from the north and south divisions of the building. On the upper floor of the north end of the Male Department there are two large rooms for hospital purposes,

and various rooms below for carrying on different trades. The building is supplied with Croton water, and under the center, running clear across the island, there is a sewer through which the tide flows three feet deep, carry-

ing off all impurities that would injure health. This noble building is not strictly a prison, though its mates are under restraint, and are committed there by judicial sentence; but rather a house of industry, whe the vicious, the idle, and vagabonds who prowl about the city are compelled to earn their own living, and will in time contribute something toward the support of those who are old and decrepid, or sick in the adjoining Alma-House. Able bedied men and women will no longer be apported in that institution, but will be compelled, if they

ill cat the broad of charity, to labor to pay for it. The first inmates were received into the new Work-House in April, 1833, and additions have been making to